THE STREET LIFE OF SEVILLE.

Gay and Varied Panorama in the Home of Carmen and Don Juan—The "Barber" of the Opera, and George Eliot's "Spanish Gipsy"—Where Murillo Lived and Died.

Special Correspondence.

Seville, Spain, Feb. 3.—Outside of Spain it is hard to think of this old Moorish city except as a place where it is always moonlight, where its inhabitants habitually converse in the melodious manner of the operatic stage, and where its ladies, forever young, spend their lives on Juliet balconies, listening to lovers filling the dreamy air of night with the tinkle of guitars; a most "inconstant moon," of coquetry and murder, of signal lights in windows, and gages d'amour fluttering down, and daggers unsheathed—while the Sereno on his rounds yells, "All's well," to the sleeping city. Notwithstanding the great antiquity of the place, its wealth and wars and splendid achievements, the world remembers it mainly as the home of those two delightful reprobates, Carmen and Don Juan; also of Greorge Eliot's "Spanish Gipsy," the celebrated "Barber of Seville," and a hundred other heroes and heroines of poetry, fiction and the drama. Though distressing changes have taken place in recent years—such as trolley-cars clanging past the thousand-year-old palaces, and electric lights illuminating the narrow streets and bringing out into bold relief the Juliets in their balconies and the crumbling statues of mediæval saints—it is still eminently a grand opera town. You see the costumes of the stage on every side, and imagine yourself witnessing a never-ending rehearsal. Every street is a well-set stage scene, from the Calle de Sierpes of the fashionable shops, to the quays where the

BUSTLE OF COMMERCE

is going on, and the Pirates of Penzance may be aboard any of the queer river craft. The men, with slouched hats drawn over their heads, or the peculiar turban-like caps seen nowhere but in Spain, and picturesque cloaks thrown over their shoulders, are the typical stage villains and bigands, or wear the air of a Gil Blas, a Don Juan or a Trovatore. The barred windows are those of the stage castle; the imprisoned ladies look as if just ready to sing their parts, and the gay short-skirted senoritas in the streets are the dancers of the ballet. Indeed, a hand-organ man, or a passer-by with any sort of musical instrument, might extemporize a ballet in five minutes, in any Spanish street.

Though romance has grown a trifle shy of "the garish light of day," he still walks abroad by moonlight in Seville. Look out of the window at any hour of night:—

"Like a throb of the heart of midnight,
I hear a guitar lightly humming."

A song floats up to the waiting maiden, and a rose, a fan, or a billet-doux drops down to the adorer's feet. But alas! Spanish lovers are not what they used to be. In the beautiful long ago, when these mediæval casas were in better repair and the crumbling statues had their noses and other features intact—when Murillo painted, and Sancho Panza rode, and the Barber of Seville pursued his barbarous calling, the love-lorn Don would plant himself beneath his Dulcineas' balcony, dash cloak, guitar and sombrero to the earth and scourge himself with metallic whips, such as penitentes use today, until his noble blood gushed forth. Ah, that was love indeed—according to Spanish liking, fostered on the bull fight. The gentle dove of a Senorita would clasp her hands in ecstacy and cry "Esta bueno." It is well. "Beat yourself more, and more and more. Now I love you. Now I am yours," and she rattled her window bars in efforts to get at him. Today, the cruel chain-scourges with leaden tips to their many lashes, are altogether out of fashion, except for holy nuns in the convents doing nightly penances; and sometimes modern lovers do their musical

WOOING BY PROXY,

with hired musicians, considering the expense of a band as sufficient proof of love and homage.

By the way, I have tried to locate Figaro, the charming "barber," whose place of business—according to the opera score, was on the plaza Santo Tomas, just back of the Alcazar. There is no striped pole there now, nor any other sign of a barber shop. The wonder is that no enterprising tonsoral artist of today should have bethought himself to turn a few extra pennies by locating in the same place. The old saying, "It is waste of lather to shave an ass," originated in Spain. There the donkeys' backs are shaved in different designs—such as stars and crosses and coats-of-arms, half moons, monograms, etc, through a mistaken idea of the beautiful. Poor burro!—poor indeed from first to last. Small, brown and brave, always docile and industrious and always abused—nothing shows the Spaniards' character more clearly than his treatment of animals. The meek and helpless slave of the faimly is seldom stabled and never decently fed. He is tethered anywhere, among the stones or sands, and left to shift for himself in the matter of food and drink, his owner's gentlest "Get up" being a brutal blow between the eyes. Not least among his woes is this senseless barbaring, which is usually done at the blacksmith's, by a professional clipper, and is a sight of interest to the lazy populace, not one of whom feels the faintest spark of sympathy for the wretched victim. The clipping leaves the donkey's back perfectly bare, where he most needs its natural protection, both from the burning sun and the galling burden of the saddle, with its weight of brass nails and tufts of gay woolen.

As for the fair and fickle Carmen, the cigarette-girl of the opera—the government tobacco factory of Seville, where she began and ended her tempestuous career, is yet in operation, and hundreds of her counterparts remain to be studied.

So, too, the footsteps of Bartolome Murillo are easily followed, though they ceased upon earth three hundred and eighteen years ago. The house where he was born stands close to the old city wall, in a dark and narrow alley that now bears his name, in the picturesque labyrinth of

THE JEWISH QUARTER

of Seville, known as La Juderia. After the master painter had acquired fame and a wealthy wife, he went to live in a better locality—in the fine house, (as houses of that period go), No. 7 Plaza de Alfaro, at the end of the street Lope de Rueda. The present owner of the place has collected in it a large number of Murillo pictures, and made a fortune by allowing travelers to view them, for a small sum per capita. It is a fiction that the artists' bones lie in the great cathedral, under the deceiving slab that bears his name, and is said to have been placed, at his request, before Campana's picture of the "Descent from the Cross," which Murillo so much admired. They were buried in the parish church of Santa Cruz, and there remained until Soult caused the church to be torn down and the revered ashes scattered to the winds—an act of vandalism which sadly dimmed the left three children. The eldest son warrior's fame. He also caused the destruction of the Magdalena church, in which Murillo was christened; but somehow the baptismal entry escaped and may still be seen in San Pablo. The date—Jan. 1st, 1618, and the humble names of his parents, are distinct as if written yesterday. They must have made better ink in that early time than most of the writing-fluid one buys now-a-days. Murillo's wife, the rich and titled Dona Beatriz de Cabrera, died some years before the painters' fall at Cadiz, which caused his death. They started out in life an indifferent artist, and afterwards became a better priest. The second son amounted to so little that his vocation and career are entirely unknown. The only daughter, named Beatriz after her mother, went the natural way of women in marriage—doubtless to some serenading scalawag with full equipment of Spanish cloak, guitar and Albucete dagger; and her great-great-great grandchildren in Seville are yet bragging about their illustrious forefather. There is a fine statue of Murillo in the Plaza del Museo, opposite the

PICTURE GALLERY,

which contains some of his most famous works. Here is the celebrated "Concepcion;" St. Francis embracing the Christ crucified; St. Felix, with the infant Savior in his arms; St. Anthony of Padua, kneeling before the Child Jesus, who is seated on an open book; and a score of others which the world will delight to honor as long as paint and canvas can endure. Strange—is it not?—that the handiwork of man should look so bright and fresh hundreds of years after the hands that wrought are dust. Murillo's Christs seem much more real and childlike than those of Raphael, his Saints and Virgins more like natural men and women. It is worth coming to Spain merely to become acquainted with the best specimens extant of his work. Through them, one seems to become acquainted with the great Master Himself, and to love his simplicity and sweetness, which remained unspoiled in spite of wealth and honors, till his untimely death at the age of sixty-four.

Though their churches and convents are so numerous—about one to every hundred inhabitants—and the bells thereof are continually calling to divine service, the Sevillians have the greatest reputation among all the people of Spain for liveliness of character and enjoyment of worldly pleasures. The past and future have few concerns for them; it is the present they care about and how to get the most enjoyment out of every passing hour. There is a little while in the middle of every day when the streets are comparatively deserted, while the local world enjoys its siesta; but presently they are filled again with moving throngs, far into the night, while every plaza has its band of music,

EVERY OPERA HOUSE

and gambling place and club room its full complement and every patio its singers and dancers. No evening promenade, even in "gay Paree," is more brilliant than Las Sierpes, a street so narrow and croked that guards are stationed at either end to prevent vehicles from entering. Along this alley the finest shops and handsomest clubs are situated; the shop-keepers standing at their portals, the club members sitting far out in the roadway, drinking cool syrups, smoking and gossiping, while crowds of well-dressed people promenade to and fro, every lady with a fan which she wields with inimitable grace and meaning. From the shops both doors and windows have been removed, leaving only open porticos supported by pillars, like Oriental bazars. Conspicuous among them are those for the sale of gay colored mantas (shawls), kept by solemn-looking old Moors, who insist on the customers seating themselves and being regaled with dates and sweet-meats, while the suave but wily merchant displays his wares and with gentle persistence wheedles pesos out of their purses. In the engraver's windows you notice a great many visiting cards of jet-black pasteboard, with the name thereon in white letters. They are not mourning cards, as one might suppost—but perhaps may be called precursors of the same, being the advertisements of doctors, (medicos)—ominously signifying their calling.

Seville is celebrated far and wide for its pottery; but the best of it is rather coarse, though of artistic forms and coated with bright green and red enamel. It is manufactured in the gipsy suburb of Vieana, in exactly the same manner as in the days of Santa Justina and Santa Rufina—those

POTTERY-MAKING MAIDENS

of long ago, who were stoned to death in this town by the Romans, for refusing to worship the image of Venus.

Crowds come out of the theaters to refresh themselves by promenading in the streets between the pieces. There are always three or four short plays in every evening's performance, each lasting about an hour. "You pays your money and you takes your choice"—fifty centimes a play, and no reduction at wholesale. You may buy a ticket for the last play, or the first; or for the whole lot, if you choose—but you will not be likely to sit out the entire performance.

Public lotteries are innumerable in Seville, and on an increasing scale as the country grows poorer. Sitting near a door or window in your cafe, you are perpetually annoyed by men and women importuning you to buy lottery tickets—halves, quarters, eighths of tickets, if you decline the whole ones; and who knows, senor, but you may draw the grand prize and wallow in wealth forever afterwards? They sell them at cost price, but expect a small gratuity; and in this odd, but not uncertain way, thousands of Sevillians make a living.

As if to atone for the lottery nuisance, you are sometimes treated by your landlord to a delightful bit of local color. A troupe of students, in the old-fashioned Salamanca cloaks and hats, file into the dining room, march twice around the table playing a gay tune, then seat themselves on chairs provided at one side of the room and play as ensly Spanish students can. There are flutes, violins, a 'cello, tambourine and several guitars in the band. By and by they repair to the patio, where some bewitching Carmen plays the castinets and dances to their music, until you are ready to swear that it is all a scene from the opera.

FANNIE B. WARD.

NOTABLE UTAH WOMEN.

AUGUSTA JOYCE CROCHERON.

Mrs. Augusta Joyce Crocheron, the subject of this sketch, is amongst the best known and appreciated of Utah writers. Her literary efforts comprise both verse and prose, in both of which lines she evinces notable talent.

Her poems and stories first appeared in the Woman's Exponent of this city, and since then she has contributed to various other local journals, besides publishing two or three volumes in verse and prose.

Mrs. Crocheron was born in Boston in 1844, and in the next year her parents John and Caroline A. Joyce embarked from New York on the ship Brooklyn and journeying via Cape Horn arrived in Yerba Buena (now San Francisco) in July of the same year to find war and famine confronting the people.

In 1865, in company with her mother and sister, she visited Utah and upon their return to California they sold their home, and in 1867 came to Utah, settling in St. George. Here Mrs. Crocheron was appointed secretary of the Relief Society and also called to labor as teacher in the Sunday schools. In 1870 she was married and came to Salt Lake to make her home. She became secretary of the Ninth ward Relief Society, Y. L. M. I. Association, and of the semi-monthly meetings of the societies held in the Fourteenth ward. Later she became Stake secretary of the Salt Lake Stake of Zion. In 1881 she published a volume of poems, "Wild Flowers of Deseret," and in 1883 published a book with portraits entitled Representative Women of Deseret." In December, 1884, she won the gold medal and cash prize awarded by the Contributor magazine for the best Christmas story, and later the medal and cash prizes offered a second time by the "Contributor" for the best Christmas story and poem. In 1888 she published the picture "Joseph Rebuking the Guard," and in 1891 published a volume for young people entitled "The Children's Book."

Early in 1899 she left Bountiful, Davis county, where she had resided since 1885, and went with her family to Erda, Tooele county, where she has since resided. Speaking of her future literary work Mrs. Crocheron says: "Here amid the quiet on the edge of the settlement I hope to engage upon a book of sketches with material not heretofore presented in verse.'

HOW LAWTON CAPTURED GERONIMO.

When Gen. Miles assumed command of the department of Arizona on April 12, 1886, his attention was called to the hostile members of the Chiricahua band of Apaches whose depredation and fiendish atrocities had created a feeling of insecurity through scattered settlements along the borders. Many of the industrial interests—mining, agricultural and pastoral—had been abandoned, and the troops were discouraged by their long and futile chase after these elusive savages.

General Miles so disposed his troops as to afford the best protection to the citizens of Arizona, and also organized an effective force to pursue marauding bands in old Mexico. For the command of this special column he selected Captain Henry Ware Lawton of the Fourth U. S. cavalry, an officer whose record during the war and subsequently had been most brilliant, and whose splendid physique, character and high attainments as an efficient commander of men peculiarly fitted him for this task. Lawton's command, organized May 4th and supplied with sixty days' rations, marched from Fort Huachuca May 5th, to follow up the trail of the Indians.

The Apaches were followed through the Santa Rita, Whetstone, Ricon and Catalina mountains. In the latter they were attacked, and a boy who had been recently captured by them was rescued. They were then pushed southward until at length they crossed the boundary line for the second time into Sonora, whose topography they knew well. Mounted troops were no longer available in so rough a country. Captain Lawton, with a fresh command, assumed the arduous and almost impossible task of pursuing the Apaches persistently through the broken country of Sonora for nearly three months. He followed them from one range of mountains to another, over peaks which were ten or twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, and frequently in the depths of canyons where the heat in July was of tropical intensity. Because of this heat the men could not bear their hands on the metal parts of their rifles, nor on the rocks.

So inured had the Apaches become to the thin, dry air that in passing from one to another of these almost parallel ranges their movements were almost as rapid as the native Rocky mountain sheep, and their disappearance from the peaks was as magical. As the men climbed upward the great exertion in this rarefied atmosphere caused them to fall backward exhausted and bleeding at the lungs, while the cruel, jagged rocks tore their clothing and rasped their flimsy boots into shreds.

During this time Lieutenant Gatewood, Sixth cavalry, with two Chiricahua Indians, who had been charged with a commission to enter the Indian camp and demand their surrender, joined Lawton. On August 13 Lawton received information that the Apaches were moving toward the Terras mountains. He marched immediately to head them off. By making forced marches he arrived near Fronteras on the 20th, and, learning that the Indians had expressed to the Mexicans a desire to surrender, Lieutenant Gatewood went forward at once with his friendly Chiricahuas to communicate with them, but found the Mexican authorities already trying to negotiate terms. Gatewood, however, sent his Indians forward, and soon learned that the Indians had moved their camp. This fact he communicated to Lawton.

On the evening of the 24th Lawton came up with Gatewood, and found him in communication with the fugitives; but on his return from their camp he reported that they declined to make an unconditional surrender, and wished him to bear certain messages to General Miles. Lawton persuaded Gatewood to remain with him, believing that the Indians would yet come to terms. The following morning Geronimo came into Lawton's camp and intimated his desire to make peace, but wished to talk with General Miles. In the course of the talk Geronimo, after looking Lawton over, grunted out the remark: "You are the only white man that ever tired me out!" Quickly came Lawton's reply, in his usual terse manner: "Well, that is just what I came to do!"

When General Miles returned to Fort Bowie, sixty-five miles distant, he took with him Geronimo, Natchez, and four other Indians. Lawton, with the main body of Apaches, started, and, by making slow marches, reached Fort Bowie on the morning of September 8. Thus, the campaign, beginning on May 5, had continued five months, during which the column had marched and scouted a total of 3,041 miles. The Indians had fought until their ammunition became exhausted.

Every member of that splendid command of Lawton's, who, despite hardships, achieved success their endurance and fortitude so richly deserved, would, in any other country, have received immediate promotion, brevets and medals. Lawton entered a modest claim for the honors of this campaign in a letter, dated Fort Huachuca, A. T., October 31, 1886, a little over six weeks after Geronimo's surrender. He says: "I have been hard at work all summer, and you need not believe all the lies the newspapers tell you about the campaign. I got Geronimo myself, and feel very good over the complete success of my five months' work. It has added very much to my pleasure, too, to receive letters of congratulation from so many old friends and feel myself remembered."—Captain R. G. Carter, U. S. A. in Collier's Weekly.